

## GARNERED GEMS

Scissored from the Choicest Exchanges Throughout the Universe.

Something for the Grave and Gay, as Well as Old and Young.

### A Strange Story.

A dispatch from Denver says: "A reported scandal, which involves a prominent young society gentleman of this city as the victim of an alleged professional blackmailer, was confirmed to-day by his departure for California, where he intends to remain until the affair blows over. The facts in the case have been cleverly concealed for a week past, even the most industrious reporters on the press failing to unravel the story. The woman in the case is a type of the adventuress, being well educated, accomplished, dashing and all that, and more than ordinarily beautiful in face and form. The young man who fell a victim to her charms and wiles is Norman J. Fillmore, the heir of the famous Fillmore and Kershaw estate here. Although he is only 20 years old, his acquaintance with the ways of the world have been liberal, and apparently sufficient to have protected him against the snare in which he was entrapped. Not having attained his majority, Fillmore's inheritance, which is said to amount to \$1,000,000, is in the keeping of his guardian, a fact which defeated the scheme of the woman and those who abetted it. Fillmore was attached to the First National bank here. A couple of months ago, through the introduction of

### A MUTUAL FRIEND,

he became acquainted, at his hotel, with Mrs. Frank Whitman; intimacy, and love followed. Mrs. Whitman confidently recited to the ardent young lover the story of her life's misfortunes. It simply amounted to the familiar experience of the wife who had twice loved unwisely and too well. Her first husband ended his career in a debauch, and the second one, tiring of her shortly after marriage, fled to California. Two small children and a beautiful and helpless mother was the picture that held the young man captive. A divorce being suggested, complaint was filed at Fort Collins, a decree was granted without contest, and three days later Mrs. Whitman and young Fillmore were married at Cheyenne. That was about four weeks ago. The cashier of the bank, learning these facts; took the first train for California, where Mr. Patterson was visiting. The guardian, upon being told about his ward's strange wedding, returned in all haste to Denver to reclaim him from the woman. She refused to give her husband up, and the husband for a time set all persuasion and threats at defiance, and would not for a moment entertain the suspicions of his wife's character and purpose which were poured into his ear. Detectives were engaged to look up the woman's life. In a few days enough material was obtained to convince Fillmore that he had

### MADE A MISTAKE.

It was learned that she was originally from Wilkesbarre, Penn., and that as a maiden she was there known as Cordelia Santee. She married a lawyer of Elmira, N. Y., named Mapledoran. After the honeymoon they came west, and at Kansas City, to which place they subsequently moved, she left him. The happenings of two or three years of her life afterwards are seemingly intangible. At all events she became the mistress of a St. Louis commercial man. He lavished money and tenderness upon her, but she soon wearied of his attentions, and one day started for the west. He had her arrested in Kansas City, and again in this city, claiming that she was a cousin and had relieved him of a diamond ring. The difficulty was settled by his coming to Denver and resuming his former relations. They soon separated again, however, he returning to St. Louis. Mrs. Mapledoran then married a Frank Whitman at Idaho Springs. Whitman had already been well married before he regretted his bargain and deserted it, leaving the woman to pursue her way unmolested. It is claimed that she then went to Kansas City, arriving in time to see her first husband die. Her next appearance in Denver was made in widows' weeds, in which attire she captivated Fillmore. When the foregoing facts were stated to the third husband his affections weakened, and he placed himself in the hands of his guardian Mr. Patterson insisted on an immediate separation. Mrs. Fillmore demanded money as a balm for her loss of a husband, and upon being asked what amount would satisfy her, she coolly replied \$75,000. Money was paid her, but how much cannot be ascertained, as the fact remains in the possession of Mr. Patterson, and he refuses to divulge it. "You can rest assured, however," said

he, "that the experience was more than dollars and cents." An action for divorce will doubtless bob up in some inferior court at an early day. Mr. Patterson deprecates the affair, while those acquainted with it sympathize with his ward.

### Bursting Bogs.

The long deluge of rain to which so many districts have been subjected has resulted in misfortune curiously characteristic of the regions in which they occur. Switzerland, for example, has been harassed by landslips, Germany and Hungary have been desolated by floods, and now it is the turn of Ireland to add to her other unhappiness the peculiar calamity of bursting bogs. Already we are told that several thousand acres in the vicinity of Castlereagh are submerged, mills are stopped, bridges are choked, fields are covered to the depth of twenty-six feet, and traffic on the road between Bellingare and Castlereagh has been suspended by the overflow of a "moss," flooded by the rain until it has broken its bounds, and is now advancing rapidly towards the town. The bog at Basilik, which "moved" some time ago, is also breaking up in several places, and threatens before long to begin its march on the arable country in the neighboring lowlands. Such mishaps are, unfortunately, too common in Ireland. Last June a large bog on the Wistrop estate, in East Clare, began to crawl to the southward, carrying before it several patches of reclaimed land, planted with potatoes, and destroying a portion of the main road to Limerick. A few years ago some laborers working in a field in Galway heard "a noise like thunder," followed almost immediately, to use their phrase, of the black ooze of a "moving bog." By and by, the witnesses of this strange sight were driven from the field which they were cultivating; and before the lava-like stream ceased its progress, two corn-fields, a potato patch, and a considerable tract of pasture land were inundated. The bursting of the Solway morass, more than a century ago, is a case even more familiar, for this vast morass, saturated by unprecedentedly heavy rains, left its beds and covered four hundred acres of farms to such a depth that several cottages were buried, and a further number so far entombed that the roofs alone appeared above the dreary expanse of liquid peat. When the inundation ceased it was found that the original level of the bog in its own area had sunk twenty-five feet, and that in the lowest ground which it had invaded as much as fifteen feet of turfy substance had been deposited. Again, in 1831, a bog of one hundred acres, between Bloomfield and Greenvale, in Sligo, burst, and in addition to covering a large extent of arable land, cut up the ground into deep ravines and carried away the road from Bloomfield to St. James' Well far a distance 9,200 yards. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. But they have all one feature in common—they are invariably caused simply by the vast turf deposits receiving more water than they can hold, and consequently breaking their banks and moving down to the lower levels.

### An Alabama Preacher.

Rev. P. S. Pevy, a Methodist divine in charge of the Brown station circuit, was to have filled his regular appointment at the above named place on last Sabbath. At the usual hour he entered the pulpit, kneeling, as is customary with ministers, to offer a short prayer, but remained in that position fully fifteen minutes, when he arose and opened the service by reading a hymn, which was sung by the congregation. He then offered a short prayer and immediately read the second hymn, when he closed his hymn book, opened the Bible and placing both hands on the same as if resting, he remained in that position fully half an hour, during which time the congregation sang three more hymns. He was then asked by a member to close the service, to whom he paid no attention, but remained motionless and speechless. The congregation in the meantime dismissed itself, a few gentlemen remaining to better acquaint themselves with the strange actions of the pastor. Not replying to any interrogatories he was finally taken hold of to be seated, when he rather abruptly pulled away and seated himself.

He was finally induced to accompany them to the residence of Dr. J. C. Groves. He spoke not a word to anyone until the next morning, when he appeared and asked for a pen and ink, as he wished to attend to a little business, and from that time on he seemed to have returned to his semi-conscious state. At one time during the day he entered the room of Mrs. Groves and stood before the fire three hours without uttering so much as a syllable, when he left, only to roam in and around the yard as might a somnambulist. He was accompanied to the city yesterday by Dr. Groves, and in charge of Rev. Mr. Boland,

presiding elder of this district, left on the Lucy Gastrell for the home of his mother, some miles below Cambridge.

### Arms and Legs.

There is more pity in a wooden leg, but more eloquence in an empty sleeve. I remember that in the second day's fight before Richmond the sergeant shot down and the colors fell, and he caught up the flag and waved it high and forward with a shout, and a cannon ball came whizzing along and took off his arm, and the colors fell again. He caught them with his other hand and kept on until he fell himself. I never saw so brave a man with that sort of a name tacked onto him. He always signed his name A. Coward, and when asked why he didn't sign his full name, he said his first name was Adam, and when he used to sign it that way at school the boys called him "ad—coward," which was worse, and he had to fight out of it. Gen. Dick Taylor didn't have much opinion of a man's legs. He says his own trembled and wanted to run in every battle, and he knew a brave soldier who had to talk to him to keep them steady: "Now just look at you, gone to shaking again with the enemy a mile off. What are you in such a hurry about? Can't you wait until they begin to shoot at you, you cussed cowards?" And he would rap his knees with his sword like he was ashamed of them.—Bill Arp.

### A Lady's Experience With Troublers.

"My dear Clara Belle," said she in the strictest confidence, "I got a chill 'other day, and made up my mind to provide myself with one of those combination suits of underclothing, with the vest and drawers in one continuous garment, instead of being separated at the waist. I bought some heavy cashmere and got a paper pattern that I thought would suit me. I had been told this arrangement was extremely comfortable. The weight being suspended from the shoulders and there being no belt to the drawers. That promised well, but just note the first result. Have you seen the funny trousers sometimes worn in the minstrel shows, with the seats sagging almost to the floor? That was the way with my combination suit. The proportions of vest and trousers, you understand, did not answer my requirements. Well, I made such alterations as seemed judicious, and have got the pesky thing on now. It is fairly lifting me off my feet. I feel as though I was carrying myself by the shoulders. The body being so much shorter than my own, I am fairly bent by it, as though I was the bow and it was the string. But that is not all. It is too narrow. I would not know which way I was walking if I did not look down to see the direction my toes pointed. You have heard of the mother who made her boy's pants with no slack behind, so that every time he leaned forward in the doorway he found himself boosted down the steps? Well, my dear that is exactly my predicament. So don't ask me to be seated."

### Call the Next Case, Sir.

Edenton (Ga.), Messenger.

Forty years ago Edenton was a fast town. Gambling of all kinds, cock-fighting and horse-racing, was the rule, as it is the exception now. Why, sir, at one term of the court in 1845 or 1846—the grand jury—returned one true bill against forty persons—John W. Ashurst, Solicitor-General, and a number of prominent lawyers included—in one batch for gambling. It was in this case that it is said Judge Cone made himself famous. When the case was reached all of the defendants arose and pleaded guilty. Judge Cone fined each of them \$10 and costs, and lectured them severely upon the uselessness and immorality of such habits, and the viciousness of the example which they were setting for the youth of the country; then, commanding the defendants to take their seats, with a solemn face but a merry twinkle in his eye, he turned to the clerk and said: Now Mr. Clerk, "entered after these cases, 'State of Georgia vs. Judge Cone; gaming—special information by his honor; plea of guilty, and fine him \$100 and costs. Call the next case sir.'"

### Science Cleverly Applied.

New Haven register.

For some time the reckless use of firearms on and about the Yale campus has caused considerable comment. Not long ago a bullet entered the study of Dr. Barbour, the college professor, striking the ceiling above his head and falling upon the paper on which he was writing. It was not learned who fired the shot. About a week ago a shot entered the dining-room of a professor while he and his family were at tea. This gentleman is a professor of mathematics and has made the study of curves a specialty. From the direction of the shot he knew it came from West divinity building, but on account of the darkness he could not see the place of firing. To

most persons this clue would not have amounted to much. But the professor knew what to do. He was determined to find out the reckless student, and he brought his mathematical knowledge into play. Knowing the breadth of the room, he measured the fall of the ball in crossing it. Then he measured the distance from his house to the West divinity building. With these data, and knowing the curve which a bullet takes, he computed the height from which the bullet was fired upon the very window from which the bullet must have come.

The next day two students were greatly surprised by a call from the professor, who accused them of firing the shot. They denied it, and the professor gave his proof. The proof was so strong that they finally admitted their guilt. Yesterday they were told to vacate their rooms. They will receive no other punishment.

### Actors as Church-Goers.

New York Letter.

As a rule actors are not church-goers, and considering how some preachers talk about them, their neglect of church-going can hardly be wondered at. I do not mean that all actors stay away from church, but a large number, if not the majority, certainly do. It is rarely that a man or woman of prominence on the stage is seen in a place of worship. Even the Little Church around the Corner, which the profession regards with more favor than any other, for reasons very well known, has very few theatrical people in its congregation. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Houghton, has a friendly feeling toward actors in general, yet they do not go to his church except on some special occasion, such as a wedding or a funeral. From what I have observed, I should say that the Catholics in the profession attend church more regularly than any others, and next those who nominally belong to the Episcopal church. But the attendance all told is small, and though the number of people in the profession is continually increasing, the proportion of church goers does not increase. It does not follow, however, that people of the stage show any marked contrast to their neighbors in respect of morals and so on. Those who come in contact with them off the stage find them very much like other people in general character. They conduct themselves as decently, live as respectably, and show themselves entitled to as much regard every way as people of the same means in other callings. This may seem unnecessary to say, but having spoken of actors as non-church goers it is proper to present the other side to prevent a wrong impression as to motive.

### Beaconsfield's Religious Faith.

From the London Times.

The statement having recently been revived that shortly before the death of Lord Beaconsfield he was visited by the Rev. Father Clare, who formally received the noble Lord into the Roman Catholic church, Lord Claude J. Hamilton, M. P., wrote to Lord Rowton to inquire whether there was any foundation for the statement. In reply Lord Rowton wrote: "I am able to give a very short reply to your inquiry. The whole statement to which you call my attention is absolutely devoid of any foundation whatever."

### A Steamer Saved by a Bag of Oil.

San Francisco Alta.

That vessel can be saved in a storm by the towing of perforated bags or oil astern has been fully demonstrated. The last case is that of the British steamer Stanmore, which arriving here from Queenstown, during the voyage the vessel encountered a heavy gale, the force of which, combined with the heavy seas, prevented the vessel from making headway and threatened to sink her. Seeing this, the master tried the efficacy of towing a bag of oil astern, with the most fortunate results. The force of the waves was broken and the steamer was saved. This simple measure is being tried oftener as these successful experiments are made known.

### "SPLENDID."

Marsh's Golden Balm, the Famous Lung Medicine, is Valued Highly.

"I have used MARSH'S GOLDEN BALM FOR THE THROAT AND LUNGS and find it a splendid cough remedy. It gives speedy relief."—D. H. Wilson, Creston, Iowa.

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### A Girl's Trophy.

True Marylander.

On last Friday we had the most summer-like day so far this season, and Mr. William T. Fleming, accompanied by other gentlemen who are fond of the sport of chasing reynard, indulged in a grand fox hunt over the country to the east of town. A young lady, who lives near Princess Anne, and who is passionately fond of horseback riding, took her maiden hunt that day. Accompanied by her father, she joined the hunt at 8:30 a. m. They were in the saddle until 3 p. m., and when the young lady rode up home she bore the brush of reynard in her cap as a trophy. They had a fine chase, and all who were on the hunt declared the sport excellent.

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1 do.....	10,000
2 PRIZES OF \$5000.....	12,000
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10 do.....	1,000
20 do.....	500
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Arr. Louisville.....7:30 p. m. 8:25 p. m. 6:55 a. m. 9:00 a. m.  
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